MARVEL
1
RED GOBLIN
PAKNADEL
BAZALDUA
CURIEL
Lee InHyuk

NORMIE OSBORN is the son of Harry Osborn and Liz Allen and grandson of the Green Goblin, Norman Osborn.

Since before Normie's birth, his family has been ensnared in the web of Spider-Man and his super-heroics. That's as true now as it ever has been, and, recently, the love, lust and lies that have connected Spider-Man and the Osborns for so long cost Harry his life and Normie his father (though neither Normie nor his mother are aware of the exact circumstances of Harry's passing).

Normie's involvement in super-powered intrigue has grown even more complicated than that, as after a brief rivalry, he has developed something of a friendship with **DYLAN BROCK**, the current host to the Venom symbiote and son of the original Venom, Eddie Brock, who himself has gone missing.

In the wake of Madelyne Pryor and Ben Reilly's attempt to cast all of New York under a **DARK WEB**, Dylan is more determined than ever to find his father, and, in need of allies, gave Normie a tiny piece of an alien symbiote, creating a new and terrifying vision of the...

RED GOBLIN

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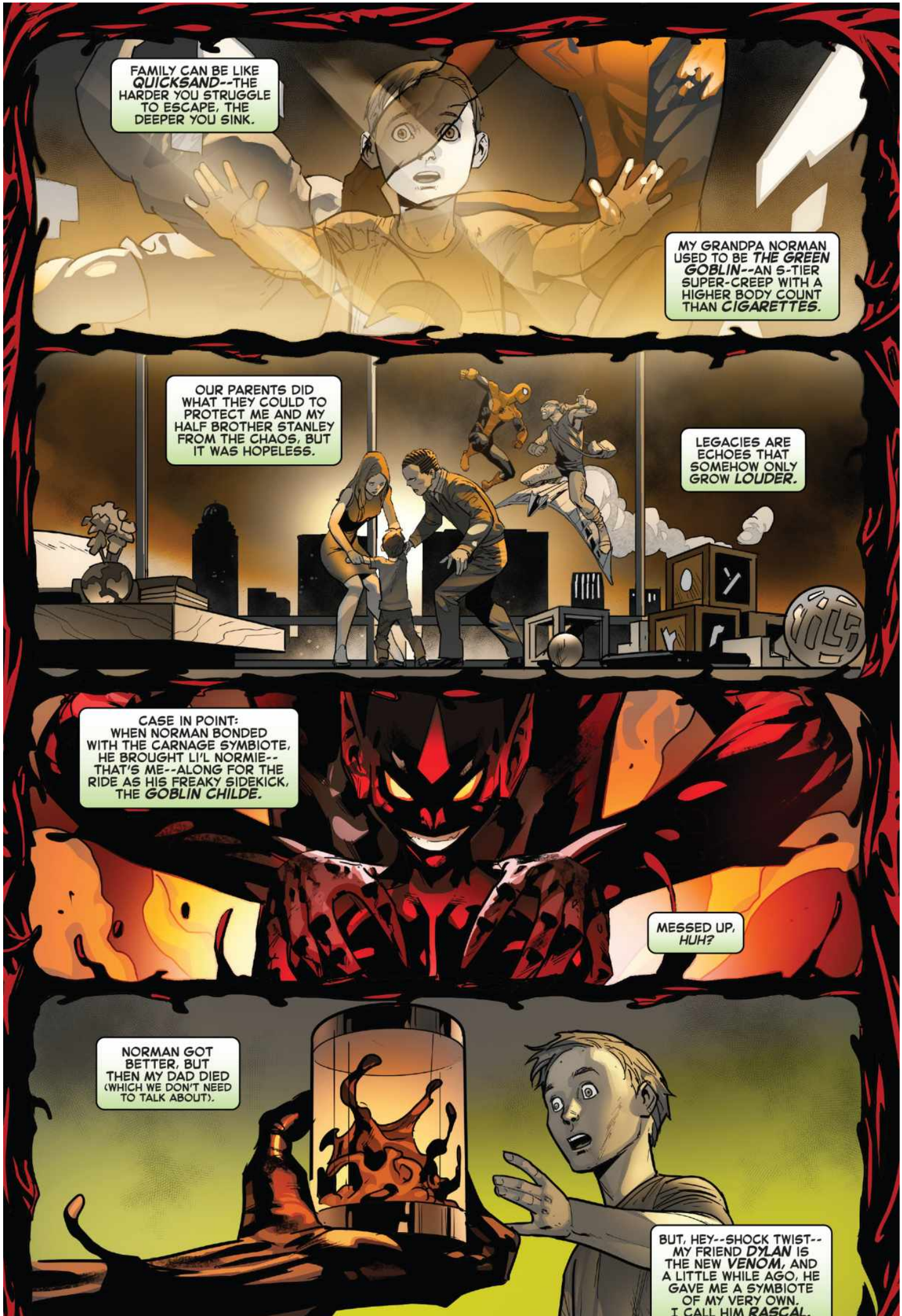

FAMILY CAN BE LIKE *QUICKSAND*--THE HARDER YOU STRUGGLE TO ESCAPE, THE DEEPER YOU SINK.
MY GRANDPA NORMAN USED TO BE *THE GREEN GOBLIN*--AN S-TIER SUPER-CREEP WITH A HIGHER BODY COUNT THAN *CIGARETTES*.
OUR PARENTS DID WHAT THEY COULD TO PROTECT ME AND MY HALF BROTHER STANLEY FROM THE CHAOS, BUT IT WAS HOPELESS.
LEGACIES ARE ECHOES THAT SOMEHOW ONLY GROW *LOUDER*.
CASE IN POINT: WHEN NORMAN BONDED WITH THE CARNAGE SYMBIOTE, HE BROUGHT LI'L NORMIE--THAT'S ME--ALONG FOR THE RIDE AS HIS FREAKY SIDEKICK, THE *GOBLIN CHILDE*.
MESSED UP, *HUH?*
NORMAN GOT BETTER, BUT THEN MY DAD DIED (WHICH WE DON'T NEED TO TALK ABOUT).
BUT, HEY--SHOCK TWIST--MY FRIEND *DYLAN* IS THE NEW *VENOM*, AND A LITTLE WHILE AGO, HE GAVE ME A SYMBIOTE OF MY VERY OWN. I CALL HIM *RASCAL*.

SO HERE I AM, TREADING QUICKSAND--TRYING TO CRAWL OUT FROM UNDER THAT OSBORN NAME.
NOT EASY WHEN YOU'VE GOT A CRAZY VIOLENT SYMBIOTE IN YOUR BACK POCKET.
SPLASHH!
BUT I'M TRYING.
EYYY, WHERE YOU GOIN', SON?
GOBLIN NATION'S ABOUT TO GIVE YOU THE GLOW-UP OF THE CENTURY!
HELP ME!
PLEASE, SOMEBODY HELP ME!
THE GOBLIN NATION? THOSE GUYS WHO FOLLOWED POP-POP WHEN HE DECIDED TO RUN HIS OWN STREET GANG?
I THOUGHT THEY GOT BROKEN UP A WHILE AGO.
OH WELL...
GOBLINS...
WHAT THE %@&#?

I HATE GOBLINS.
PRIVATE PROPERTY
NO TRESPASSING
KEEP OUT
MAXIMUM LOAD
...TIME TO CLEAN UP MORE OF POP-POP'S MESS, I GUESS.

YOU THINK WE'RE SCARED OF YOU, BRO?
TAKING DOWN ONE 'A YOU MASKED LOSERS IS OUR INITIATION!
THIS IS LIKE CHRISTMAS!
NNYYEEAAAARRGGHHH!
YO, THIS GUY WENT DOWN EASIER 'N A SOFT-SERVE SWIRL!
WHO WANTS TO DO THE HONORS?
LET'S ALL GO ON THREE.
ONE... TWO...
...THREE!
OH MAN, THIS IS GONNA BE BAD.
RASCAL AND I AREN'T BONDED, SO HE DOESN'T LISTEN TO ME A WHOLE LOT.
SWUKK!
NNN!
SWUKK!
SWUKK!
NORMIE HURT!

...YOU'VE HEARD OF GOBLIN MODE, RIGHT?
AAAAH! HELP! GET IT OFF ME!
...
EASIER 'N SOFT-SERVE SWIRL, HUH?
WHAT THE HELL IS IT?!

SEE, RASCAL'S A BRAND-NEW SYMBIOTE...KINDA. HE'S BASICALLY A PUPPY...
KRAK!
UTT!
HE DOESN'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT KNULLS OR KLYNTARS OR CODEXES...ANY OF THAT STUFF.
DIE! DIE, YOU UGLY #$%&!
SHLUKK! SHLUKK!
HE'S A CLEAN SHEET--AN INNOCENT.
TROUBLE IS, WHEN THIS PUPPY THROWS A TEMPER TANTRUM...
MMMFFF... NO!
CHAK!
HOO BOY.

NOPE. NOPE.
THIS IS NUTS. I'M OUT.
DON'T YOU DO IT, RASCAL! DON'T YOU DO IT!
HURT US! KNIVES AND LIGHTNING!
P-PLEASE... DON'T KILL ME...
RASCAL, I SWEAR, IF YOU EAT THIS GUY'S FACE, I'M GONNA TELL MOM!
SNFF! SNFF!
WHAT IS IT? IS SOMEONE COMING? IS IT THE COPS?
CANDEEEEE?
OH, YOU'VE GOTTA BE KIDDING ME.
LITTLE-KNOWN FACT ABOUT SYMBIOTES? THEY LOVE CHOCOLATE ALMOST AS MUCH AS THEY LOVE BRAINS.
CHOCOLAT
CANDEEEEE!!!
IF MOM EVER FINDS ALL THE EMPTY KITKAT WRAPPERS UNDER MY BED, SHE'LL THINK I'M PREDIABETIC.
COME ONCOMEON COMEONWHERE AREYOU...?

ANOTHER LITTLE-KNOWN FACT?
BURN, FREAK!
SYMBIOTES HATE FIRE.
NYYEAARRGHH!
OH GOD. OH GOD.
HE'S GONNA BE SO MAD!

"RASCAL? RASCAL, WHERE ARE WE? DID WE PUT OUT THE FIRE?"
COME ON IN, BOYS. POP-POP AND I NEED TO TALK TO YOU FOR A MINUTE.
TAKE A SEAT OVER THERE, HMM?
NORMIE... STANLEY... THERE ARE TIMES IN LIFE WHEN WE'RE CALLED UPON TO MATURE A VERY GREAT DEAL AND ALL AT ONCE.
I'M SORRY TO SAY THIS IS ONE OF THOSE TIMES.
DADDY'S NOT...
...DADDY'S NOT COMING HOME, BOYS.
IS HE WORKING LATE? CAN WE GET TAKEOUT?
HE'S DEAD, BOY.
MY SON IS DEAD.

M-MOM?
SHH, I'M HERE, BABY. I'VE GOT YOU.
I'D BETTER GO RETURN IT TO THE STORE BEFORE THEY CLOSE.
NORMIE...
YOUR FATHER, HE... DIED WITH HONOR. I WANT YOU TO KNOW THAT.
...
WE WERE GONNA BUILD A DESTROY MODE UNICORN GUNDAM OVER THE HOLIDAYS. ALMOST EIGHTEEN INCHES.
RASCAL, ARE YOU POKING AROUND IN MY MEMORIES AGAIN?
I TOLD YOU, THEY'RE... THEY'RE PRIVATE. THEY'RE MINE.
FOR THE LAST TIME, STAY OUT OF MY HEAD WHEN I'M SLEEPING!
HOLD UP... WHERE ARE WE...?

"RASCAL, WHERE ARE WE SLEEPING RIGHT NOW?"
YP

SHOULD WE CALL AN AMBULANCE OR SOMETHIN'?
763-K

NAH, HE'S JUST SLEEPIN' IT OFF. B&E BURNS A TON OF CALORIES.
YOU IMAGINE THE SUGAR CRASH ON THIS KID?
OKAY, LET'S WAKE HIM UP AND GIVE HIM THE GOOD NEWS.

"HERE'S HOPIN' HIS PARENTS GIVE A %&$#."
YEAH, I'M HERE.
OSBORN?
NORMAN HAROLD OSBORN?
APPARENTLY, THE BODEGA OWNER WON'T BE PRESSING CHARGES, SO YOU'RE FREE TO GO.
I'M TELLING YOU, BOY...

...SOMEONE UP THERE LIKES YOU.
TUMMY HURTS.
SHUT UP. I'LL DEAL WITH YOU LATER.

GET IN, NORMIE.
NOW.

HOW MUCH DID YOU PAY THAT BODEGA OWNER, POP-POP?
HE NOW OWNS TWO BODEGAS.

YOUR MOM MISSED THE RED-EYE BACK FROM VANCOUVER, SO SHE ASKED ME TO COME PICK YOU UP.
SHE ALSO ASKED ME TO TELL YOU THAT YOU'RE GROUNDED UNTIL COCKROACHES RULE THE EARTH.
NO MORE AFTERNOONS AT THE BATTING CAGES, HMM?
WHY IS IT THAT EVERY TIME I SCREW UP, I GET PUNISHED, BUT EVERY TIME STANLEY SCREWS UP, HE GETS WAFFLES?
IS THAT WHAT ALL THIS IS ABOUT? YOU'RE STILL JEALOUS OF YOUR BROTHER?
NORMIE, HE'S AN ORPHAN.
AND WHOSE FAULT IS THAT?
...
I'M SORRY. I DIDN'T MEAN...
DON'T. DON'T WALK IT BACK.
YOU'RE AN OSBORN. OWN IT.

BEING AN OSBORN'S NOTHING TO BE PROUD OF, POP-POP.
IT'S A CURSE.
IN MY EXPERIENCE, "CURSE" IS JUST A LABEL WE GIVE TO THE BAD CHOICES WE KEEP MAKING OVER AND OVER.
IF YOU DON'T LIKE THE FAMILY NAME, CHANGE ITS MEANING.
I COULD BE CRUEL NOW, IF I WANTED. I COULD TELL POP-POP ABOUT THE GOBLIN NATION.
NOW, I'M GOING TO SEE YOU AT THE OPENING OF THE NEW CLINIC TONIGHT, RIGHT? I WANT YOU LOOKING SHARP.
I'M GROUNDED, REMEMBER?
I COULD TELL HIM THAT THE EVIL HE'S PUT INTO THE WORLD HAS A LIFE OF ITS OWN NOW.
YOUR MOM WILL MAKE AN EXCEPTION. I CAN BE EXTRAORDINARILY PERSUASIVE.
BUT INSTEAD, I CHOOSE TO BE KIND.
I CHOOSE NOT TO BE AN OSBORN.

"RED?"
YOU'RE ABSOLUTELY SURE IT WAS... RED?
Y-YES, BOSS. WE THOUGHT IT WAS JUST ANOTHER MASK, BUT WHEN WE HURT IT, IT... CHANGED.
I-ITS SKIN MOVED LIKE SPIDERS HATCHING.
BOBBY DREW IT FOR YOU.
HNN...
...
NORMAN.

NORRRMMMAAAANNNN!
I KNEW IT. I KNEW HE WOULDN'T LET US HAVE A NATION OF OUR OWN. WE'RE AN EMBARRASSMENT TO HIM NOW, YOU SEE.
BUT HE ISN'T THAT...THAT RED BEAST ANY LONGER. I FOLLOW HIM EVERYWHERE HE GOES, SO I'D KNOW.
NO, NO. IT ALL MAKES SENSE. HE NEEDS TO KEEP HIS HANDS CLEAN, SO THERE'S NO WAY HE'D COME AT US HIMSELF.
NOT NOW.
OH, MY CHILDREN. MY POOR LITTLE GOBLINS.
THAT WRETCHED OLD MAN SENT A LACKEY TO DESTROY US.
BUT, SIR...?
UH...WHY WOULD NORMAN OSBORN SEND SOMEONE AFTER US? ISN'T HE ALL REHABILITATED AND SUCH THESE DAYS?
DUDE!

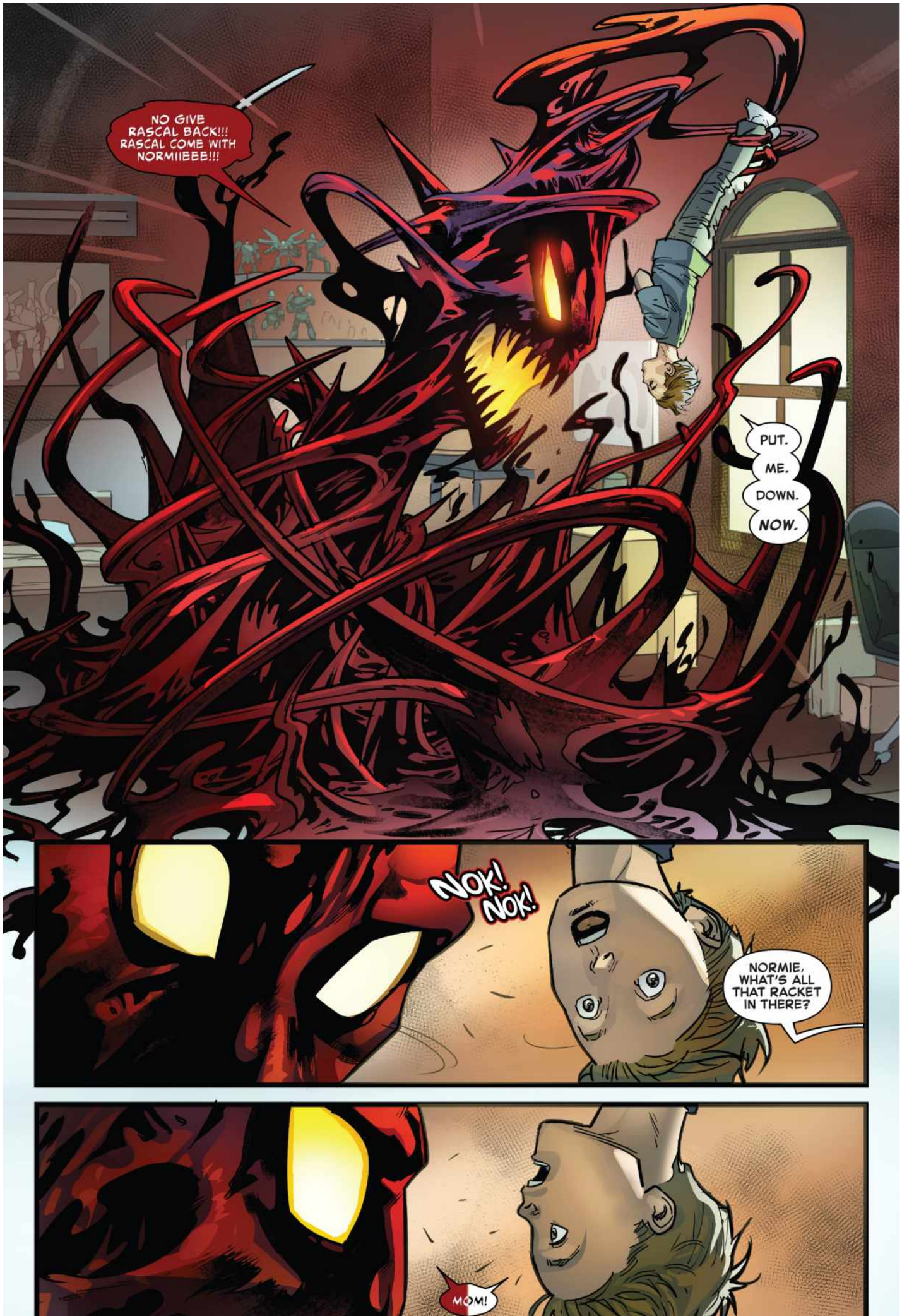
TYLER, TYLER, TYLER...
DIDN'T I TAKE YOU IN WHEN ALL THE WORLD WOULD NOT?
DIDN'T I FEED YOU...CLOTHE YOU...GIVE YOU PURPOSE?
... YES, BOSS.
YET YOU QUESTION ME.
SNAP!
NORMAN OSBORN WANTS THE WORLD TO SEE HIM AS A HERO, WHICH MEANS THE VERY EXISTENCE OF OUR GOBLIN NATION IS A THREAT TO HIM.
HE HAS UNLEASHED THE RED GOBLIN UPON US--AN ACT OF WAR.
"BUT DON'T BE AFRAID. I HAVE GOOD NEWS-- THE MEANS TO DEFEAT THE BEAST LIE WITHIN NORMAN HIMSELF.
"EVERY GREAT NATION CONSUMES ITS FOUNDERS, CHILDREN.

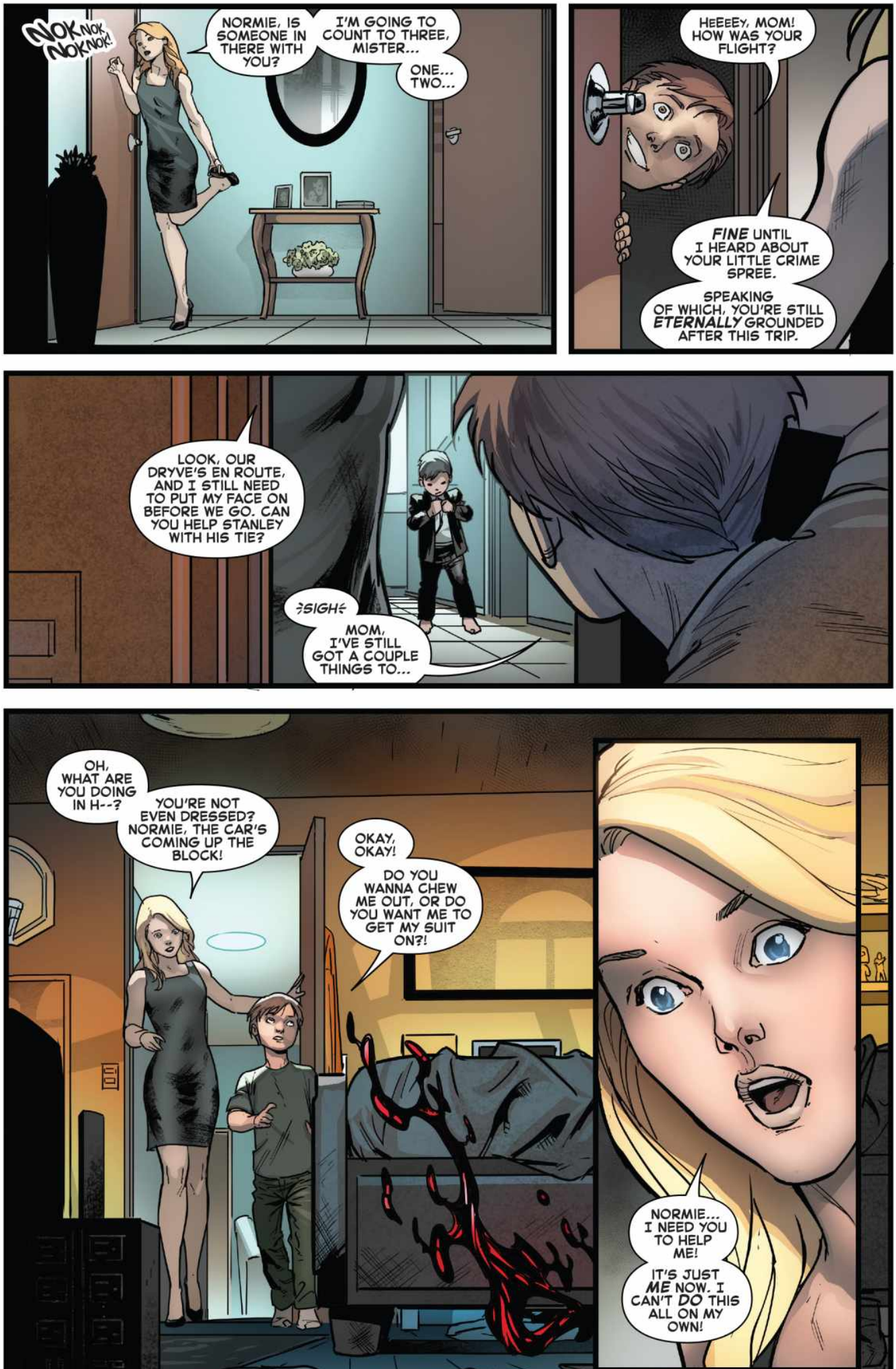
BRING HIM TO ME!
BRING HIM TO ME, AND I WILL DELIVER UNTO YOU A MIRACLE.

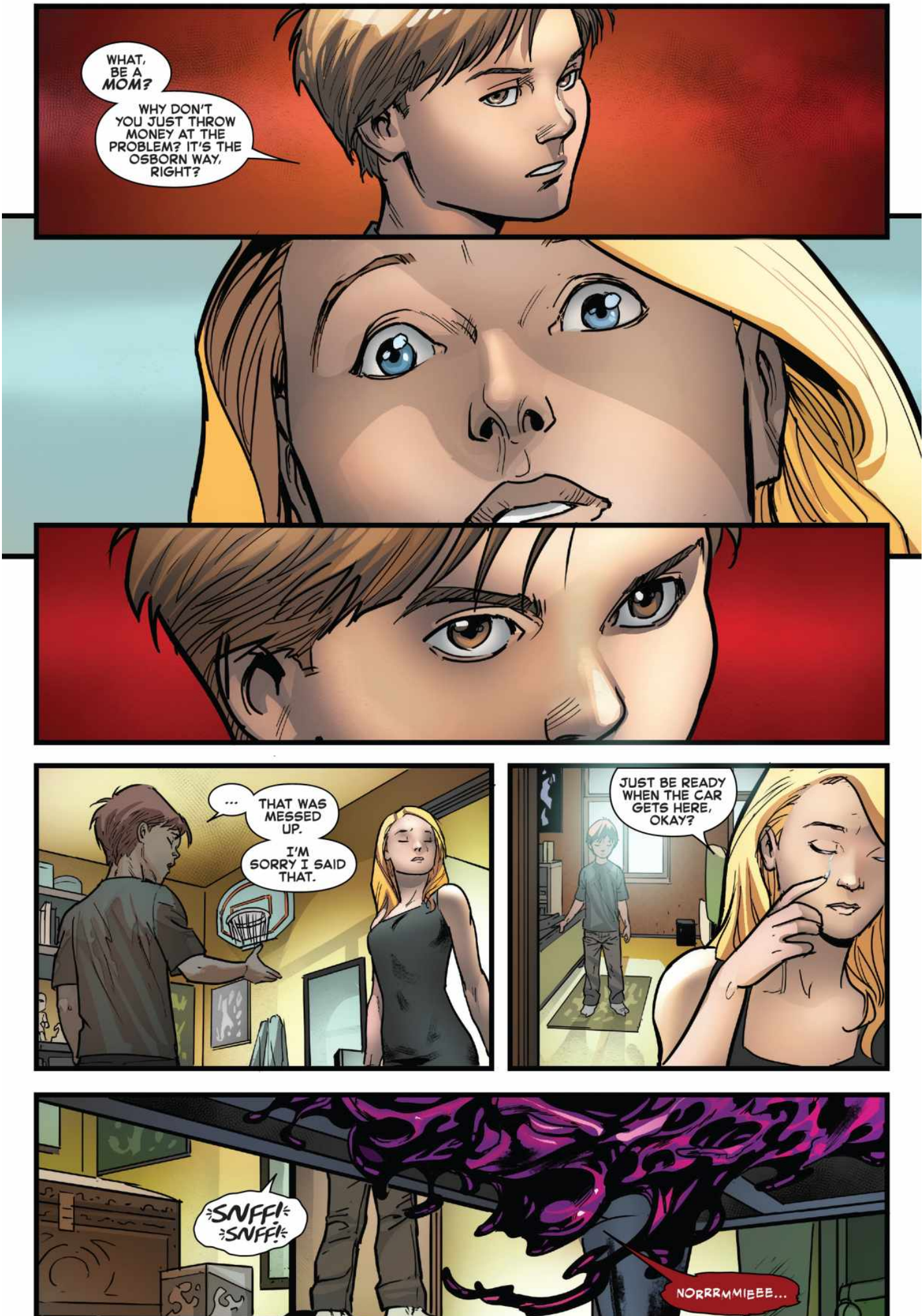
YOU FELT ME WATCHING YOU, DIDN'T YOU, NORMAN? OF COURSE YOU DID. MY HATRED COULD HASTEN AN EARLY WINTER.
AND NOW YOU'RE COMING FOR MY KINGDOM OF DERELICTS AND DROSS.
FOR ALL I HAVE LEFT.
BUT I WON'T LET YOU.

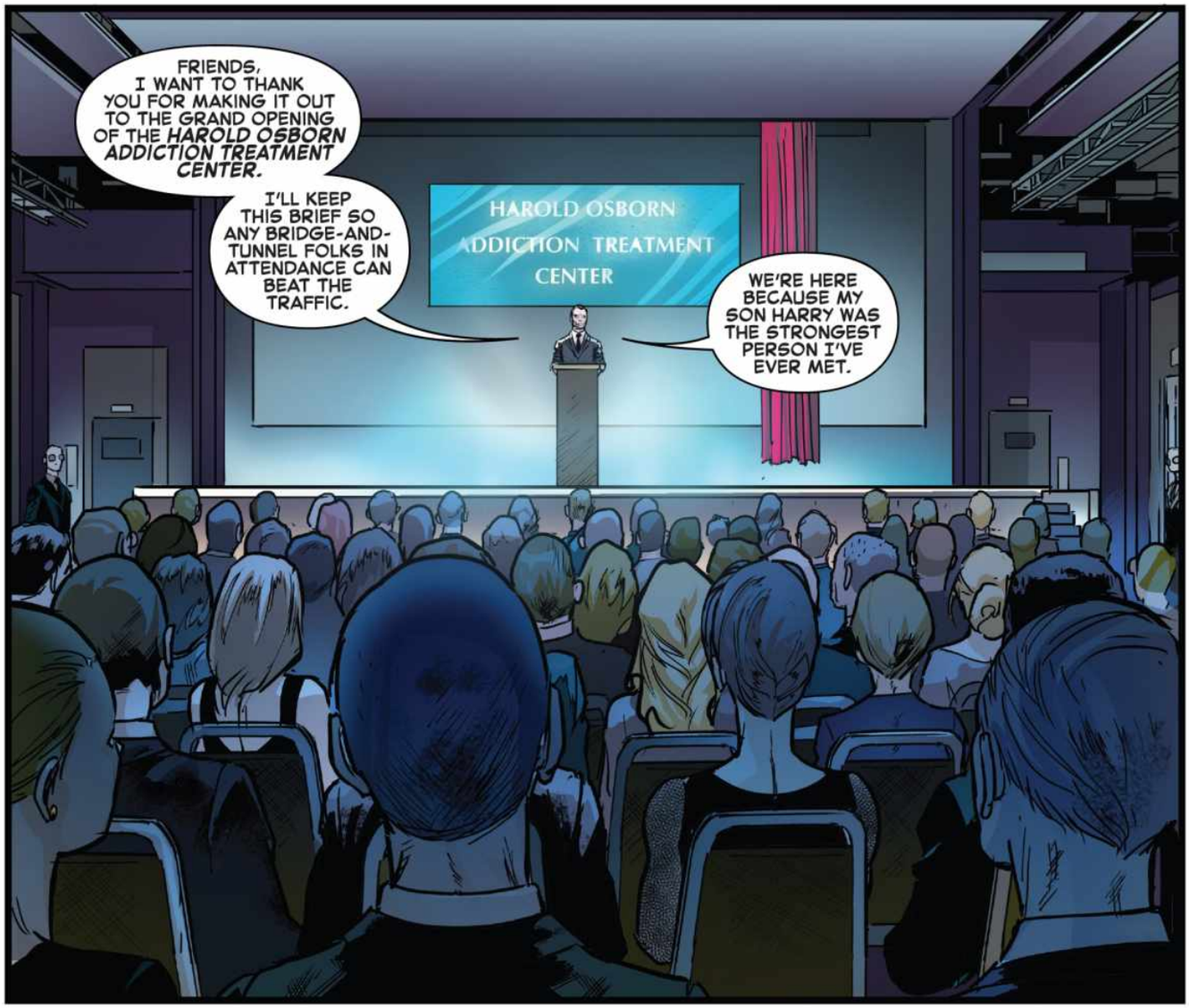
YOU MIGHT HAVE EVERYONE ELSE UP THERE FOOLED, NORMAN--THE PHILANTHROPY, THE HEROICS--BUT YOU DON'T FOOL ME.
DOWN HERE, I SEE EVERYTHING VERY CLEARLY...
BUGLE
REPORTER URICH FO
UPPER EAST SIDE CLUB

"...ONCE A MONSTER, ALWAYS A MONSTER."
OKAY, THIS ISN'T GONNA WORK.
I THOUGHT MAYBE WE COULD MAKE IT WORK, BUT YOU'RE NOT DOING YOUR PART.
GOT BAAAD GUUUYSS...
WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? WE STOLE LIKE EIGHTY BUCKS' WORTH OF CANDY! WE ARE THE BAD GUYS!
AND DON'T GET ME STARTED ON YOU GOING GOBLIN MODE AGAIN!
NNNORRMIIEE HAAATE RRRASCAL...
I DON'T HATE YOU! I DON'T!
I JUST... I'VE GOT A MATH TEST COMING UP AND BASKETBALL TRYOUTS... AND...AND PUBERTY, I GUESS?
POINT IS, I'VE GOT A LOT GOING ON, AND YOU KEEP TAKING THE SHAPE OF THE ONE THING I TOLD YOU NOT TO!
STAAART OVERRR?
LOOK, I GOTTA GO TO POP-POP'S NEW REHAB-CLINIC-OPENING THINGY.
YOU'RE GONNA STAY HERE, AND WE'RE GONNA TALK THIS OUT LATER.
COME WITH NORMIEEE...
NO!
AND IF YOU KEEP EYEBALLING ME


NO GIVE RASCAL BACK!!! RASCAL COME WITH NORMIIEEE!!!
PUT. ME. DOWN. NOW.
NOK! NOK!
NORMIE, WHAT'S ALL THAT RACKET IN THERE?
MOM!


NOK NOK NOK NOK!
NORMIE, IS SOMEONE IN THERE WITH YOU?
I'M GOING TO COUNT TO THREE, MISTER...
ONE... TWO...
HEEEEY, MOM! HOW WAS YOUR FLIGHT?
FINE UNTIL I HEARD ABOUT YOUR LITTLE CRIME SPREE.
SPEAKING OF WHICH, YOU'RE STILL ETERNALLY GROUNDED AFTER THIS TRIP.
LOOK, OUR DRYVE'S EN ROUTE, AND I STILL NEED TO PUT MY FACE ON BEFORE WE GO. CAN YOU HELP STANLEY WITH HIS TIE?
SIGH
MOM, I'VE STILL GOT A COUPLE THINGS TO...
OH, WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN H--?
YOU'RE NOT EVEN DRESSED? NORMIE, THE CAR'S COMING UP THE BLOCK!
OKAY, OKAY!
DO YOU WANNA CHEW ME OUT, OR DO YOU WANT ME TO GET MY SUIT ON?!
NORMIE... I NEED YOU TO HELP ME!
IT'S JUST ME NOW. I CAN'T DO THIS ALL ON MY OWN!


WHAT, BE A MOM?
WHY DON'T YOU JUST THROW MONEY AT THE PROBLEM? IT'S THE OSBORN WAY, RIGHT?
...
THAT WAS MESSED UP.
I'M SORRY I SAID THAT.
JUST BE READY WHEN THE CAR GETS HERE, OKAY?
SNFF! SNFF!
NORRRMMIEEE...


FRIENDS, I WANT TO THANK YOU FOR MAKING IT OUT TO THE GRAND OPENING OF THE HAROLD OSBORN ADDICTION TREATMENT CENTER.
I'LL KEEP THIS BRIEF SO ANY BRIDGE-AND-TUNNEL FOLKS IN ATTENDANCE CAN BEAT THE TRAFFIC.
HAROLD OSBORN
ADDICTION TREATMENT
CENTER
WE'RE HERE BECAUSE MY SON HARRY WAS THE STRONGEST PERSON I'VE EVER MET.

HE OVERCAME A MYRIAD OF PERSONAL DEMONS--INCLUDING ADDICTION--TO BECOME THE KIND OF MAN WHO SHOULD BE STANDING HERE TALKING TO YOU INSTEAD OF ME.
BUT HE'S NOT HERE. I AM. AND ALL I CAN DO IS TRY TO HONOR HIM TO THE BEST OF MY MEAGER ABILITY.

A WHILE AGO, MY GRANDSON NORMIE BEGGED ME TO PROMISE NOT TO TURN TO THE DARK AGAIN.
AND I COULDN'T BECAUSE THAT'S NOT HOW ADDICTION WORKS. IT HAS ITS OWN MALIGN GRAVITY.
BUT I

I TOLD HIM I WOULD SEEK HELP FIRST.
AND THAT'S WHY THIS PLACE EXISTS...FOR PEOPLE LIKE HARRY AND FOR PEOPLE LIKE ME.
HEY, NORMAN! GO LONG!
KRAKOOM!

GOOD JOB, NORMAN! THAT PUMPKIN BOMB WOULD HAVE TORN ANYONE ELSE APART!
WHERE'S YOUR LITTLE RED PAL?
TH-THE GOBLIN NATION? YOU DON'T EXIST ANYMORE.
WHAT HAVE YOU DONE? THIS PLACE...THIS PLACE WAS FOR HARRY.
YEAH, SORRY ABOUT THAT. BOSS MAN WANTED YOU BROUGHT LOW, SO...HERE WE ARE.
NORMIE, WHERE ARE YOU GOING? STAY HERE!
I CAN HELP, MOM.
OKAY, HERO TIME. SECRET IDENTITY WAS NICE WHILE IT LASTED, BUT...
...OH, %@$&#.
CORRECTION: "HERO TIME" IS SULKING UNDER MY BED THIRTY BLOCKS AWAY.

I'M SORRY, POP-POP. YOU'RE ON YOUR OWN.
MA'AM, IF THE THREE OF YOU WOULD LIKE TO FOLLOW ME, PLEASE?
BUT WHAT ABOUT GRANDPA?
HONEY, YOUR GRANDPA IS A DEEPLY TERRIFYING INDIVIDUAL...
"...HE'LL BE JUST FINE."
THIS WAS SUPPOSED TO BE FOR HARRY.
WHAT WILL IT TAKE TO BE FREE OF YOU!?!
RRRRAAAGGHH!
WE DON'T FLUSH THAT EASY, OLD MAN!
KLEEEARRGHH!
KRUNCH!
I'M TRYING TO MAKE IT RIGHT, BUT YOU WON'T LET ME!
WHO SENT

THIS WAY, MA'AM. IT'S GONNA BE OKAY NOW.
UT!!
WHUK!
OH MY GOD!
Hnn!
KRAKK!
NORMIE, I'M SCARED!
GET BEHIND ME, STANLEY. THAT'S IT.
I WON'T LET ANYTHING HAPPEN TO YOU.
OKAY, I SEE THE RESEMBLANCE. BETTER HAIR THOUGH.
LET'S SEE WHAT GRANDPA MAKES OF ALL THIS, HMM?
OH, NO-O-ORMAN!

THIS HAS BEEN A DELIGHTFUL EVENING, BUT YOU REALLY NEED TO COME WITH US NOW, NORMAN.
NORMIE...
I SWEAR, IF YOU SO MUCH AS PUT A MARK ON THAT BOY...
HE WON'T BE TOUCHED IF YOU COME WITH US, YOU HAVE MY WORD.
D-DON'T DO IT, POP-POP.
HERE. A GESTURE OF GOOD FAITH.
OKAY, I'LL COME W--
WHUK!
GRANDPA!
A PROMISE IS A PROMISE, KID.

"HAVE FUN WITH YOUR *INHERITANCE.*"
WH--? NORMIE?
YOUR GRANDSON IS PERFECTLY SAFE.
UNLIKE YOU, I DON'T GO AROUND DESTROYING OTHER MEN'S LEGACIES.

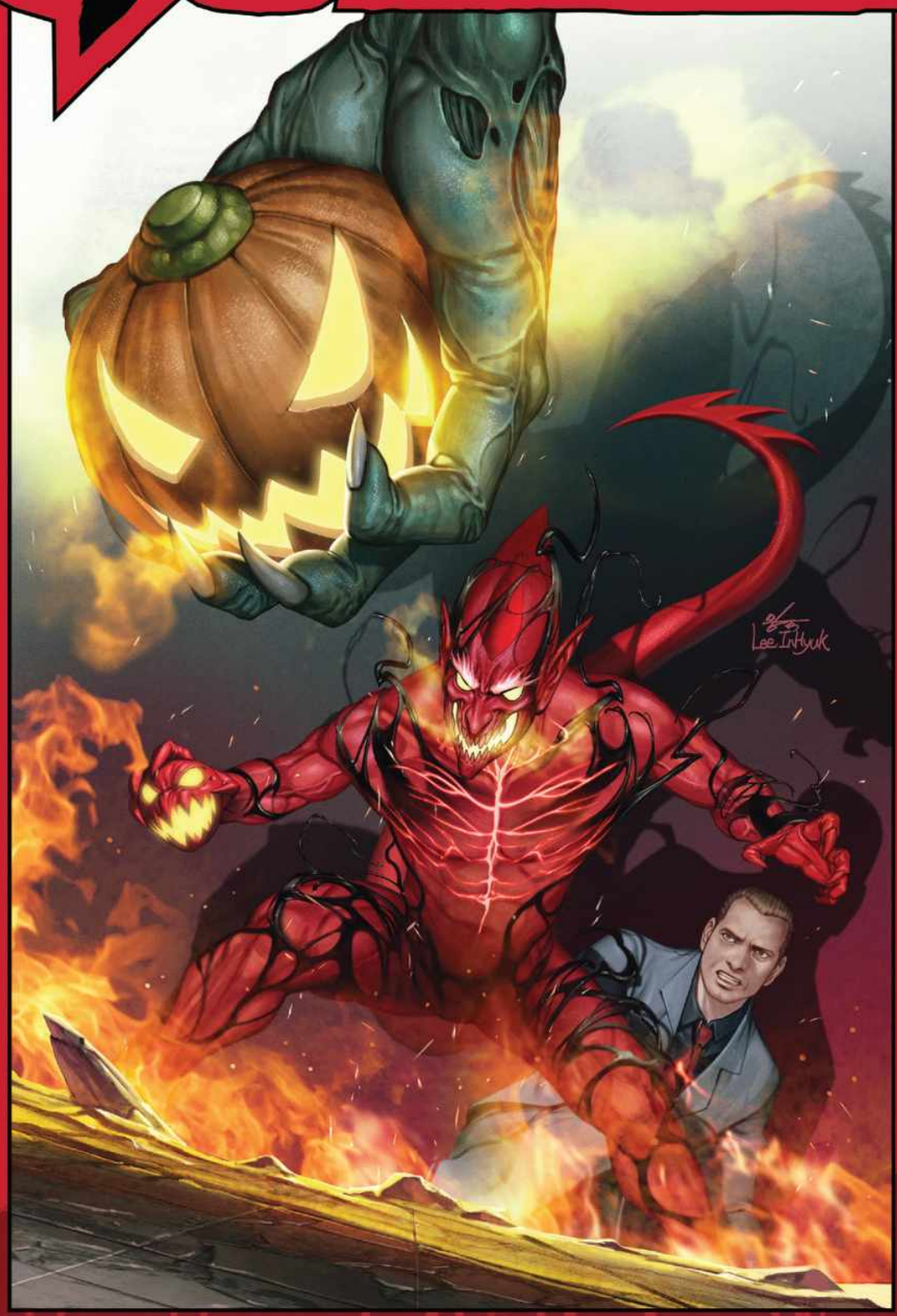
THAT VOICE, I... I KNOW THAT VOICE.
DON'T BE COY, NORMAN.
WE BOTH KNOW THIS MORAL AWAKENING OF YOURS IS ALL FOR SHOW. WHERE ARE YOU KEEPING THAT ***RED ASSASSIN*** OF YOURS HIDDEN, *HMM?*

I...I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT.
I DON'T BLAME YOU FOR WANTING TO WIPE OUT EVERY LAST TRACE OF YOUR MISDEEDS. TRULY.
EVERYONE LOVES A REDEMPTION STORY, AND THE CHEERS OF THE CROWD CAN BE ***SO*** INTOXICATING.

BUT ***WE*** ARE THE LAST TRACES OF YOUR MISDEEDS, NORMAN...
...AND WE ***REFUSE*** TO BE WIPED OUT.
IN FACT...
...YOU'RE GOING TO HELP US ***THRIVE.*** IT'S THE LEAST YOU CAN DO SINCE YOU ***MURDERED*** ME.
IT CAN'T BE...
THE KING IS DEAD, NORMAN...

LONG LIVE THE GOBLIN KING!
PHIL URICH?!

RED GOBLIN



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ZONE